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Thus did Eglon become an artist, and from this course of events do we find the name of Van der Neer in the catalogue of fame. Margaret became his immortal ideal. If he triumphed, it was the ideal that incited him; his other works were sought, but the picture that interests us remained a sacred possession as long as he lived.

ANECDOTES OF ARTISTS.

GAINSBOROUGH.

GAINSBOROUGH A MUSICIAN.

OUR painter gave all the hours of intermission in his profession to fiddles and rebecs. His musical taste was very great; and he himself thought he was *not intended by Nature for a painter, but for a musician*. Happening to see a theorbo in a picture of Vandyke's, he concluded it must be a fine instrument. He recollected to have heard of a German professor; and, ascending to his garret, found him dining on roasted apples, and smoking his pipe, with his theorbo beside him. "I am come to buy your lute—name your price, and here's your money." "I cannot sell my lute." "No, not for a guinea or two;—but you must sell it, I tell you." "My lute is worth much money—it is worth ten guineas." "Aye, that it is!—see, here's the money." So saying, he took up the instrument, laid down the price, went half-way down stairs, and returned. "I have done but half my errand; what is your lute worth, if I have not your book?" "What book, Master Gainsborough?" "Why the book of airs you have composed for the lute." "Ah, sir, I can never part with my book!" "Poh! you can make another at any time—this is the book I mean—there's ten guineas for it—so, once more, good day." He went down a few steps, and returned again. "What use is your book to me if I don't understand it?—and your lute, you may take it again, if you won't teach me to play on it. Come home with me, and give me the first lesson." "I will come to-morrow." "You must come now." "I must dress myself." "For what? You are the best figure I have seen to-day." "I must shave, sir." "I honor your beard." "I must, however, put on my wig." "D—n your wig! your cap and beard become you! Do you think if Vandyke was to paint you, he'd let you be shaved?" In this manner Gainsborough frittered away his musical talents; and though possessed of ear, taste and genius, he never had application enough to learn his notes. He scorned to take the first step—the second was of course out of his reach—the summit became unattainable.

"THE PAINTER'S EYE."

Gainsborough was very successful in repartee. He was once examined as a witness on a trial respecting the originality of a picture, when a counsel endeavored to puzzle him by saying, "I observe you lay great stress on a *painter's eye*—what do you mean by that expression?" "A *painter's eye*," answered Gainsborough, "is to him what a lawyer's tongue is to you."

GAINSBOROUGH'S GENEROSITY.

The painter had a most feeling heart, and strong sympathy with misfortune. Thus, we find him, on being shown a letter from a fallen and forsaken woman, turning back on his way to the theatre, to send the poor supplicant a five pound note.

If he selected for painting a child from a cottage, all the inmates generally participated in the profits of the picture; and some of them frequently found in his house a permanent abode. His liberality was not confined to this alone; needy relatives and unsuccessful friends were further incumbrances on a spirit which could not deny. "Scheming Jack" was often supplied with money, and whenever he visited London, Schomberg House was his home.

Money and pictures were alike bestowed inconsiderately. Fulcher relates that he presented twenty drawings to one lady, who was so ignorant of their value that she pasted them on the wall of her dressing-room; and he gave Colonel Hamilton the *Boy at the Stile* for playing a solo on the violin.

CHARACTER OF GAINSBOROUGH, BY REYNOLDS.

When Gainsborough had been lain in the grave about four months, Sir Joshua, in his *Fourteenth Discourse*, drew attention to the excellences and defects of the deceased painter, observing: "If ever this nation should produce genius sufficient to acquire to us the honorable distinction of an English school, the name of Gainsborough will be transmitted to posterity, in the history of the art, among the very first of that rising name."

Sir Joshua then refers to the customs and habits of Gainsborough, and the causes of his excellence, the love which he had for his art.

He had a habit of continually remarking to those who happened to be about him, whatever peculiarity of countenance, whatever accidental combination of figure, or happy effects of light and shadow occurred in prospects, in the sky, in walking the streets, or in company. If in his walks he found a character that he liked, and whose attendance was to be obtained, he ordered him to his house: and from the fields he brought into his painting-room stumps of trees, weeds and animals of various kinds, and designed them, not from memory, but immediately from the objects. He even framed a kind of model of landscapes on his table, composed of broken stones, dried herbs, and pieces of looking-glass, which he magnified and improved into rocks, trees and water.*

Sir Joshua then refers to Gainsborough's custom of painting by night, a practice very advantageous and improving to an artist. "Another practice Gainsborough had, which is worth mentioning, as it is cer-

* He made (says Jackson) little laymen for human figures, he modelled his horses and cows, and knobs of coal sat for rocks—nay, he carried this so far, that he never chose to paint anything from invention, when he could have the objects themselves. The limbs of trees, which he collected, would have made no inconsiderable wood-rick, and many an ass has been led into his painting-room.

tainly worthy of imitation : I mean his manner of forming all the parts of his picture together, the whole going on at the same time, in the same manner as Nature creates her works. Though this method is not uncommon to those who have been regularly educated, yet probably it was suggested to him by his own natural sagacity."

Reynolds then briefly alludes to his last interview with Gainsborough, and resumes :

"When such a man as Gainsborough arrives to great fame, without the assistance of an academical education, without travelling to Italy, or any of those preparatory studies which have been so often recommended, he is produced as an instance how little such studies are necessary, since so great excellence may be acquired without them. This is an inference not warranted by the success of any individual, and I trust it will not be thought that I wish to make this use of it."

Reynolds then adverts to Gainsborough's method of handling, his habit of *scratching*.

"All these odd scratches and marks," he observes, "which, on a close examination, are so observable in Gainsborough's pictures, and which, even to experienced painters, appear rather the effect of accident than design; this chaos, this uncouth and shapeless appearance, by a kind of magic, at a certain distance assumes form, and all the parts seem to drop into their proper places; so that we can hardly refuse acknowledging the full effect of diligence, under the appearance of chance and hasty negligence. That Gainsborough himself considered this peculiarity in his manner, and the power it possesses of exciting surprise, as a beauty in his works, I think, may be inferred from the eager desire which we know he always expressed, that his pictures, at the Exhibition, should be seen near as well as at a distance."

DRAWINGS AND SKETCHES.

Of these Gainsborough made, perhaps, more than any other artist, ancient or modern. Jackson had seen, at least, one thousand, not one of which but possessed some merit, and some in a transcendent degree. These were executed in oil and water colors, in chalks—black, white and colored—in lead-pencil, sepia, bistre and Indian ink. Many of these studies were in black and white, applied thus: a small bit of sponge, tied to a bit of stick, served as a pencil for the shadows, and a small lump of whiting, held by a pair of tea-tongs, were the instruments by which the high lights were applied—a method of execution to which a lady applied the appropriate epithet of "mopping."

FUSELI.

FUSELI IN ROME.

Fuseli left Rome in 1778. He was not very partial to the modern Italians, who, he said, "were lively and entertaining, but there was the slight drawback of never feeling one's life safe in their presence." He then related, "When I was one day preparing to draw from a woman selected by artists for a model, on account of her fine figure, on altering the arrangement of

her dress, I saw the hilt of a dagger in her bosom, and on inquiring with astonishment what it meant, she drew it, and quaintly answered, "Contre gl' impertinenti."

Although Fuseli's talents were highly appreciated in Italy, he never obtained a diploma, or other honor, from any academy: indeed, he refused all overtures made to him on the subject; for he considered the institution of academies to be "symptoms of art in distress."

FUSELI AND DR. JOHNSON.

Of Johnson, whom Fuseli met at Sir Joshua Reynolds's table, he said: "Johnson had, to a physiognomist, a good face, but he was singular in all his movements; he was not so uncouth in appearance as has been represented by some; he sat at table in a large bushy wig and brown coat, and behaved decently enough." On one occasion the conversation turned upon ghosts and witches, in the existence of which he believed, and his only argument was, that great and good men in all times had believed in them. Fuseli's fingers itched to be at Johnson, but he knew, if he got the better of the argument, that his celebrity was so great, it would not be credited. "You know," he said, "that I hate superstition. When I was in Switzerland, speaking with Lavater upon the appearance of the spirit after death, it was agreed between us, that if it were allowed by the Deity to visit earth, the first who died should appear to the other; my friend was the most scrupulous man in existence, with regard to his word; he is dead, and I have not seen him."

Fuseli used to say: "I always think in the language in which I write, and it is a matter of indifference to me whether it be in English, French, or Italian; I know each equally well; but if I wish to express myself with power, it must be in German." For the pleasure of reading Sepp's work on Insects, he gained late in life a competent knowledge of Dutch: indeed, he had a peculiar facility of acquiring languages. He told Mr. Knowles, that, with his knowledge of general grammar, and with his memory, six weeks of hard study was sufficient time to acquire any language with which he was previously unacquainted.

"THE NIGHTMARE."

In 1781, Fuseli painted his most popular picture, *The Nightmare*, the drawing for which has the words, "St. Martin's-lane, 1781," written by him in the margin; it is chiefly in black chalk, and is composed without the head of the mare, which was an afterthought. The picture was sent to the Exhibition in 1782: it was sold for twenty guineas; it was engraved by Burke, and published by J. R. Smith, who acknowledged to have gained upwards of £500 by the sale of the prints, though sold at a low price. Dr. Darwin thus described the subject:

So on his *Nightmare*, through the evening fog,
Flits the squab fiend o'er fen, and lake, and bog;
Seeks some love-wilder'd maid with sleep oppress'd,
Alights, and grinning, sits upon her breast—
Such as of late amid the murky sky,
Was marked by *Fuseli's* poetic eye;

Whose daring tints, with *Shakespeare's* happiest grace,
Gave to the airy phantom form and place—
Back o'er her pillow sinks her blushing head,
Her snow-white limbs hang helpless from the bed;
While with quick sighs, and suffocative breath,
Her interrupted heart-pulse swims in death.

Fuseli painted, at different times, several variations of this extraordinary picture.

Notwithstanding the apathy of the public, latterly towards his works, Fuseli (says Haydon, his pupil) had had his day. His *Nightmare* was decidedly popular all over Europe. Fuseli was paid £30 for the picture, and the engraver cleared £600 by the print.* His great works were from Milton. His conception of Adam and Eve for pathos, and Uriel contemplating Satan for sublimity, have never been excelled by the greatest painters of the greatest period of art either in Greece or Italy. With a fancy bordering on frenzy, as he used to say, the patience, humility and calmness necessary for embodying great conceptions in an art, the language of which, in spite of all the sophistry about style and gusto, is undeniably grounded on a just selection and imitation of beautiful nature, angered and irritated him. His great delight was conception, not embodying his conceptions, and as soon as he rendered a conception intelligible to himself and others, by any means, he flew off to a fresh one, too impatient to endure the meditation required fully to develop it.

His *Edipus and his Daughters* is, however, a work of far higher order. The desolate old man is seated on the ground in dread of the coming vengeance of heaven, and his daughters are clasping him wildly. "Pray, sir, what is that old man afraid of?" said some one to Fuseli, when the picture was exhibited. "Afraid, sir," exclaimed the painter, "why, afraid of going to hell!"

FUSELI'S WIT AND HUMOR.

Fuseli was discoursing one day at his friend Mr. Johnson's table, upon the power and merits of Phocion, the brave Athenian general; when a stranger, who had apparently listened with attention to the conversation, gravely put the question, "Pray, sir, who was Mr. Phocion?" Fuseli immediately answered, "From your dialect, sir, I presume you are from Yorkshire; and, if so, I wonder you do not recollect Mr. Phocion's name, as he was member for your county in the Long Parliament!"

Calling one morning upon Mr. Johnson, Fuseli found him bargaining with an author for the copyright of a book. When the gentleman left, Mr. Johnson said, "That is Mr. Kett, and his work is to be called the *Elements of Useful Knowledge*." "In how many volumes?" said Fuseli. "In two octavos," was the answer. "No, no, Johnson," said he, "you cannot be serious: the ocean is not to be emptied with a teaspoon."

Discoursing with a lady upon sculpture, who was, however, too well read in the classics to be a subject of his mischievous pleasantry, he pretended to inform her of a fine bas-relief which had been received by the Royal Academy from Rome. "What is the subject?" she asked. "Hector and Andromache," said he, "dash-

ing out against a wall the little Astyanax's brains!" "Pooh! why do you tell me such stuff?" said she. "Ay! *you* may laugh," replied Fuseli, "but it would go down with many a one. I have often said such things in company without detection."

The students were constantly amused with Fuseli's oddities. He heard a violent altercation in the studio one day, and inquired the cause. "It is only those fellows, the students, sir," said one of the porters. "Fellows," exclaimed Fuseli; "I would have you to know, sir, those *fellows* may one day become Academicians." The noise increased—he opened the door and burst in upon them, exclaiming, "You are a den of wild beasts." One of the offenders, Munro by name, bowed and said, "And Fuseli is our keeper." He retired smiling, and muttering, "The fellows are growing witty."

A student, as he passed, held up his drawing, and said confidently, "Here, sir, I finished it without using a crumb of bread." "All the worse for your drawing," replied Fuseli; "buy a twopenny loaf, and rub it out."

When Blake, a painter infinitely more wild in conception than Fuseli himself, showed him one of his strange productions, he said, "Now some one has told you this is very fine." "Yes," said Blake, "the Virgin Mary appeared to me, and told me it was very fine: what can you say to that?" "Say?" exclaimed Fuseli, "why nothing—only her ladyship has not an immaculate taste."

Condemning in general terms a large historical picture, which a person at table had admired, he was asked for some specific fault: "Why," said he, "the fellow has crammed into his canvas fifteen figures, besides a horse, and, by Gort, he has given only three legs among them." "Why, where has he hidden the others," was asked. "How should I know?" he answered; "I did not paint the picture; but I wonder how any man can talk of a painter, and praise him, who has given fifteen men and a horse only three legs."

Fuseli spared no one—and was merciless to the miser Nollekens. Once, at a party at Mr. Coutts's, Mrs. Coutts, dressed like Morgiana, came dancing in, presenting her dagger at every breast: as she confronted Nollekens, Fuseli cried out, "Strike—strike—there's no fear: Nolly was never known to bleed."

In his temper Fuseli was irritable and violent, but appeased in an instant. In his person small, with a face of independent, unregulated fire; Leslie says: his front face had very much the character of a *lion*. Haydon heard he was handsome when young, and with women (when gratified by their attentions) no man could be more gentle.

One evening, Fuseli said to Bonnycastle: "Pray, Bonnycastle, what do you consider the reason that I am not popular as a painter, in a country which has produced *Shakspeare* and *Milton*?" Bonnycastle answered: "Because the public like familiar subjects, in which there may be individual beauty with fine coloring." "Is that their taste?" said Fuseli, hastily; "then, if I am not their painter, they are not my critics."

RAPHAEL.—BY FUSELI.

The inspiration of Michael Angelo (says Fuseli) was

* The smaller sums previously mentioned are correct.

followed by the milder genius of Raphael—the father of dramatic painting—the painter of humanity: less elevated, less vigorous, but more insinuating; more pressing on our hearts; the warm inaster of our sympathies. What effort of human connection—what feature of the mind, from the gentlest emotion to the most fervid burst of passion, has been left unobserved—has not received a characteristic stamp from that examiner of men? Michael Angelo came to nature—nature came to Raphael—he transmitted her features like a lucid glass—unstained, unmodified. We stand with awe before Michael Angelo, and tremble at the height to which he elevates us. We embrace Raphael and follow him wherever he leads us. Perfect human beauty he has not represented. No face of Raphael's is perfectly beautiful—no figure of his, in the abstract, possesses the proportions which could raise it to a standard of imitation: form to him was only a vehicle of character or pathos; and to those he adapted it, in a mode and with a truth that leave all attempts at emendation hopeless. His invention connects the utmost stretch of possibility with the most plausible degree of probability, in a way that equally surprises our fancy, persuades our judgment, and affects our heart. His composition always hastens to the most necessary point as its centre, and from that disseminates—to that leads back as rays all secondary ones. Group, form and contrast are subordinate to the event, and commonplace is ever excluded. The line of Raphael has been excelled in correctness, elegance and energy; his color far surpassed in tone, in truth and harmony; his masses, in roundness, and his chiaroscuro in effect; but, considered as instruments of pathos, they have never been equalled; and in composition, invention, expression, and the power of telling a story, he has never been approached.

WITH models such as the Antinous and other precious remains of ancient sculpture, it seems wonderful that John of Bologna and other great artists should have fallen into the error of so constantly seeking to display their knowledge of anatomy, frequently injuring their finest productions by forcing the features of that science into notice. Because the moderns, among their other philosophic discoveries, found that the human body was composed of bones, muscles, tendons and ligaments, is the statuary called upon perpetually to remind us of this circumstance? Why was it so beautifully clothed with skin, but to hide the interior mechanism, and render the form attractive? Anatomy is useful as a correcter, but no more. Its influence ought only to be felt. In the Antinous the anatomist would look in vain to detect even the slightest mistake or misconception. . . . In the finest works of the ancients I have never seen a muscle caricatured. . . . This science should never be brought into evidence in a statue—it is the beautiful, round, fleshy forms of the living body only that should be displayed, even in high energetic action. . . . Even in the Dying Gladiator there is no obtrusive anatomy. Sinews, tendons and muscles are all in play; but hid as in the beautiful forms of youth, not strongly expressed or obtruded on the eye.—*Bell*.

FRESCO PAINTING.

From "Painting Popularly Explained."

THE fact that the grandest works of human genius in painting have been executed in fresco, not to speak of the great development in our times of fresco painting in Germany, and the revival of this style of art in England for the decoration of the New Palace at Westminster—will assuredly justify our treating the subject at some length; especially as the details are interesting, and there appear to be frequent misconceptions in reference thereto.

Painting in fresco—in Italian *al fresco*—takes its name from being executed upon the last coat, while it is *freshly* laid and still wet, which the plasterer puts on when finishing a room. This last coat, called by the Italians *intonaco*, is composed of finely sifted river-sand and lime mixed in certain proportions. The well-known tendency of lime thus used to imbibe water and harden, gives its peculiar character and durability to fresco. The colors being ground in water and mixed with lime when applied to this absorbent surface, become incorporated with the lime-water and sand of the plaster;* and when dry they are not to be dissolved again by water, although internal damp will in time have the most injurious effect; the basis of fresco and the colors thus become inseparable and positively harder than stone. The rapidity with which this coat of plaster dries, presents, however, to the artist one of the greatest difficulties of the process. Only so much of the plaster must be laid on as the painter can cover and complete as a portion of a picture in one day. Joinings are therefore unavoidable, and some ingenuity is necessary to conceal them by making them coincide with lines in the composition, or take place in shadows.

Only those colors can be used which light will not act upon or lime deteriorate.† The fresco painter is

* The word "plaster" is here used in a general sense; it is not to be understood that plaster or gypsum is mixed with the lime. Plaster, strictly speaking, is the Italian *gesso*, of which we have already spoken, and in old books on art, plaster casts are commonly called "gessos." The word *stucco* is sometimes used indifferently for plaster, for the exterior coating of a house, and for compositions used in making ornaments. A wall may, of course, be composed of any materials, if it is to be painted on when dry in distemper with colors simply diluted with water and size.

† Mr. Field, the author of *Chromatics* and other valuable works, says, in reference to the last restriction: "This need not, however, be a universal rule for painting in fresco, since other cementing materials, as strong or stronger than lime, may be employed, which have not the action of lime upon colors—such as calcined gypsum, of which plaster of Paris is a species; which, being neutral sulphates of lime, exceedingly unchangeable, have little or no chemical action upon colors, and would admit even Prussian blue, vegetal lakes, and the most tender colors to be employed thereon, so as greatly to extend the sphere of coloring in fresco, adapted to its various designs; which bases merit also the attention of the painter in crayons, scagliola, and distemper.

"So far, too, as regards durability and strength of the ground, the compo and cements, now so generally employed in architectural modellings, stucco and plaster would afford a